

**SHORT ON HIS CASH**

**Now a Forehanded Bridal Couple Was Queered**

**ON A CHEAP HOTEL RATE**

**The Green Thoughts He Was Enjoying a Twenty-One-Dollar Luxury for Three—How He Settled.**

"Hey you got any rooms, master?"

"Yes, sir; we have a few left."

"What's the price of them?"

"Some at \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4, and so on."

"Well, that you may give one of these \$1 kind, that's about as heavy as I want."

"The above colloquy took place between the clerk of a prominent Washington street hotel and a middle-aged man who had the appearance of being a

man. It was shown that the couple has been doing their own cooking during their visit, and with a room of \$2 a week, as they thought, no material in jury would have been done the family声誉. —Boston Herald.

No More Wedding Presents.

It is to Mr. Labouchere that the idea of an anti-wedding present league is due. Evidently the after-Easter strain upon his purse aroused the feelings which led to this idea. But a contemporary of Truth points out that not only the wedded guests and givers of presents are to be pitied but also the unfortunate recipients of dozens of paper knives, photograph frames, sent bottles and the like. This paper suggests a "Wedding Present Reform League" by which prospective donors would write to the first brideeuse, find out what was wanted and not yet bestowed, and so escape the horror of duplicating gifts.

In all seriousness, marriage bolls don't make much for everybody.

"Are you going to Frank Scott's wedding?" asked one young man of another on an Alley "L" car the other day.

"I'm going to emigrate, that's where I'm going," was the reply. "I have received just eleven invitations to June wedding, all from close friends. If I send gifts, as I'm expected to, I can't go on any vacation this year; doubt if I can

of old, when, as Mr. Austin Dobson has depicted for us in so many graceful verses, leisure had not become, as it is now, almost a forgotten luxury, and pecuniary wants unmet, while, with these pines, the full panoply was often disposed out of existence by the vulgar "misses." But nowadays "misstress" has become as much a term of opprobrium as of honor, and, consequently, the contracted pronunciation of "Mrs." has prevailed, and holds the field.

Another point worth noting in the history of the designation is that about a hundred and fifty years ago and earlier "Mrs." was applied quite impartially to unmarried as well as married ladies. Even children were sometimes styled "Mrs." The burial of an infant daughter of John Milton, who died at the age of 5 months, is entered in the parish register of St. Margaret, Westminster, and her name is entered as "Mrs. Katherine Milton," followed by a small "c" to indicate that a child is meant. But this may be regarded as an exceptional use of the title. —Sala's Journal.

**Hints for the House.**  
No fruit loses flavor from being carelessly handled more quickly than apples. Apples which have been well stored retain their flavor throughout the winter, but those which have been allowed to lie about with decaying specimens or are stored loosely in barrels either lose their flavor or acquire a rank taste from the conditions around them.

Half the battle in washing dishes is keeping the dish cloths and towels clean. Washing out once a week in ammonia water should never be neglected.

Skinned milk makes hardwood floors, stained ones and oilcloth look shiny. A wooden cloth should be used to wipe up the floor.

Tea trays and all japanned goods should be cleaned with a sponge wet with warm water and a little soap.

A sack of the best salt standing where there is a smell of fish or any objectionable odor will absorb the flavor.

A large piece of charcoal put in a refrigerator will help to keep it sweet. It should be renewed every week.

Rice flour wafers, slightly sweetened, are a nice dainty for afternoon tea.

For a clear head and steady nerves take Bromo Seltzer, trial bottles 10c.

The way to see the fair is first, to go, Go! Don't wait till you get time to see it all, for there is not enough time between now and eternity for you to see a tenth part of it. You could not afford to if you could. That's straight. Simply won't interest you. How many of you have ever gone to Phoenix, or Gunn, or Bissell factories to see the wonders of their labor and cost saving machinery? You can see a great deal at the fair in a day—for instance, see the out-door of it—the magnificent buildings, flowers, statuary, fountains, lagoons, etc.; take an idle hour in a gondola, with a real live gondolier from Italy; or spin swiftly in an electric boat. This is the exterior, by far the most impressive feature of the exhibition, may be well taken in one day. After this—well, there you are; a matter of taste or study, sit down or lay down. Send 2-cent stamps for it. For

**Kinney Complaints** and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound is unequalled.

Lytia E. Pinkham, 101 West Grand Ctr., Pier Pts., N.Y.—1 pound, \$1.00, in form of pills or liquid. \$1.00 per bottle. By mail or express.

Correspondence freely answered.

You can address in strictest confidence,

LYTIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Mass., Mass.

even afford 50 cents to get into the fair. I tell you that wedding business is being carried too far. So shall I be if I don't look out, for this is my station."

"So long."

I could not help sympathizing with that much-invited young man, for one or two of my own pet plans have fallen through as the wedding invitations, with all that they imply, have come in upon me."—Philadelphia Times.

**Craze for Scents.**

The present craze for sweet scents, like all the other elegances, dates back to the days of courtly luxury in France.

When the week rolled round he again interviewed the clerk, saying that he wanted to square up his accounts and go home. The bill was made out and handed to him. When he first looked at it he stepped back five feet, the suddenness of the motion nearly throwing him off his balance. Then he turned red in the face, held his hand close to his eyes, turned it upside down, waited a moment, and was seen to gasp for breath. He had nearly gathered himself together sufficiently to stammer out:

"What is in the thunder does this mean?"

"I beg pardon, sir, but what is it that troubles you?" inquired the clerk.

"This bill is for \$21, and you said the room was only \$8."

"Three dollars a day, my dear sir."

"Three dollars a day?" yelled the startled ruralist. "Why, you can hire a whole house in Coose for that. Three dollars a day," he repeated, as he scratched the left side of his head and gazed at the figure with bulging eyes.

"Rents are higher in Boston than they are in the country," suggested the young man behind the desk.

"Three dollars a day for a room so high on that I could shake hands with the moon in the moon. Well, I can't pay it—I started out with \$25, and all I have left is \$8 and the price of our ticket is back home."

"You must make some arrangements

to pay your bill, master."

He opened up a long conversation with the clerk, telling him, among other things, that he lived in a back town up in New Hampshire, had saved a few thousand dollars, had recently got married and was now on his wedding tour, and intended to stay in the city for a week and see the sights.

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